

## REFORMERS OF THE DAY.

DIFFERENT WAYS THEY SEEK THE GOOD OF MANKIND.

Army Wedding Preliminary Life of Self Sacrifice—The Ashbury Twins—Moody's Nephew—The Head of theophany.

Right, 1891, by American Press Association.

sorts of people, wise and other- engaged just now in all sorts of practical and impracticable, native paragrapher finds many a for a joke, but the serious way assured that all honest workers for are accomplishing some good, and, rate, all are entitled to be spoken in respect. At one end of the list Salvation Army, at the other the of theosophy, while revivalists Moody and Sankey type preserve

The experienced bathing master started at once for the other, and in a few minutes he too was brought in cramped. Their age is about twenty-five or thirty, and those who know them best say they are men of the purest life, deeply religious and very much in earnest.

It is not to be supposed that the steady going revivalists are in any wise hindered by their somewhat eccentric allies. If there is any change they are more active than ever, and Moody and Sankey are doing a wonderful work at their summer conference at Northfield, Mass. All the accommodations there were exhausted three years ago, and a large hotel called the Northfield was erected to aid the schools. In the winter time it is used for a training school, where young men and women receive practical training for missionary work.

Ira D. Sankey is still vigorous, but Mr. Moody's right hand man has been for some years his nephew, Ambert G. Moody, son of his brother George, who resembles his uncle Dwight in many ways. When but seventeen years old he was placed in charge of the farm connected with the boys' school at Mount Hermon and managed it well. At that time he had but a common school education, but took up the study of the classics and fitted himself for Amherst college, where he will graduate next year. During vacations he has been business manager and general assistant for his uncle.

From Moody and Sankey to the high priestess of theosophy may seem a big step, but since the death of Mme. Blavatsky her disciples have been more active than ever. There has been from the start a division between those theosophists who began as spiritualists and those who came into the movement from the other side, but recently the union has been made complete by the elevation of Marie, Countess of Cathness and Duchess de Pomar, a noted spiritualist, to all the honors and titles of Mme. Blavatsky. The new high priestess is nearly seventy years old, but might pass for forty-five, and is among the noted women of the world.

A Cuban of pure Spanish blood, she married young and was early left a wealthy widow. As such she captivated a British diplomat and naval officer, Earl of Cathness and Baron Berriedale. When he was laid away with his noble and royal ancestors at Holyrood, his widow was still remarkably beautiful as well as very rich, but declined all society advances and devoted her life to a study of the occult. During a nightly vigil at Holyrood she was, as she says, visited by Mary Queen of Scots, in person, who became her guiding spirit and finally was reincarnated in the countess.

The Barrill Brothers. Instant Wallace W. Winchell is a native of New York, but located in Detroit, Mich., when a boy, has been in this Army for six years, and a voice of such wonderful compass he is known as "the iron lung" Captain May Harris is a native Danbury, Conn., and has been a soldier in this Army for six years. She is quite noted by her efficient work as secretary to Major Brewer at the Boston headquarters. Comdr. Booth explained that the marriage to have taken place next spring, but both had been ordered to a distant of labor they had in response to tell me come to get married at New York and start together. With the African flag and the Salvation colors draped over them, both made this decision:

So solemnly declare that we have not this marriage for the sake of our own names and interests only, although we hope will be furthered thereby, but because believe that the union will enable us better to serve God and more earnestly to work in the Salvation Army.

Each individually promises that we will do anything likely to prevent the other's or giving or suffering anything that is in our power to assist the Army, believing in so doing we shall best promote the of God and the salvation of souls.

The also promise always to regard our home as a Salvation officers' quarters, to arrange it accordingly, and to train all who may be under our influence and authority for faithful and efficient service in the Army.

The commander proceeded with the same words as in the Episcopal service, but it was noted by a lady present, apparently, that the "obey" was not used. "Honor, and cherish" was the extent of the ceremony at that time. A collection was taken up for their car fare and the couple departed for their new establishment of a mission in

The all reformers, the Salvationists troubled by queer imitators, and two the queerest are operating at Ocean Ave. and Asbury Park. They are twin

the keenest detective cannot tell one from the other. Strangers always take them for "Hibernian song-and-dance" men, from their dress, and when they rush suddenly out of their room and take a position on the board walk, as they do four or five times a day, a crowd gathers at once prepared for fun. It receives instead a revival song, a prayer and a fervent exhortation to repentance. The appearance of the idlers when this has gone on a few minutes may be imagined. The remarks often heard on the outskirts of the crowd cannot be quoted for a family newspaper—they are "horribly orthodox," as Chaplain McCabe puts it.

A strange fact about these twins is that almost every peculiar experience is duplicated with them. They have the same tastes, the same aches and pains, and if one makes an unusual motion the other generally repeats it. They often go bathing, and the other day one was taken with cramps and had to be brought in. The experienced bathing master started at once for the other, and in a few minutes he too was brought in cramped. Their age is about twenty-five or thirty, and those who know them best say they are men of the purest life, deeply religious and very much in earnest.

It is not to be supposed that the steady going revivalists are in any wise hindered by their somewhat eccentric allies. If there is any change they are more active than ever, and Moody and Sankey are doing a wonderful work at their summer conference at Northfield, Mass. All the accommodations there were exhausted three years ago, and a large hotel called the Northfield was erected to aid the schools. In the winter time it is used for a training school, where young men and women receive practical training for missionary work.

Ira D. Sankey is still vigorous, but Mr. Moody's right hand man has been for some years his nephew, Ambert G. Moody, son of his brother George, who resembles his uncle Dwight in many ways. When but seventeen years old he was placed in charge of the farm connected with the boys' school at Mount Hermon and managed it well. At that time he had but a common school education, but took up the study of the classics and fitted himself for Amherst college, where he will graduate next year. During vacations he has been business manager and general assistant for his uncle.

From Moody and Sankey to the high priestess of theosophy may seem a big step, but since the death of Mme. Blavatsky her disciples have been more active than ever. There has been from the start a division between those theosophists who began as spiritualists and those who came into the movement from the other side, but recently the union has been made complete by the elevation of Marie, Countess of Cathness and Duchess de Pomar, a noted spiritualist, to all the honors and titles of Mme. Blavatsky. The new high priestess is nearly seventy years old, but might pass for forty-five, and is among the noted women of the world.

A Cuban of pure Spanish blood, she married young and was early left a wealthy widow. As such she captivated a British diplomat and naval officer, Earl of Cathness and Baron Berriedale. When he was laid away with his noble and royal ancestors at Holyrood, his widow was still remarkably beautiful as well as very rich, but declined all society advances and devoted her life to a study of the occult. During a nightly vigil at Holyrood she was, as she says, visited by Mary Queen of Scots, in person, who became her guiding spirit and finally was reincarnated in the countess.

The Barrill Brothers. Instant Wallace W. Winchell is a native of New York, but located in Detroit, Mich., when a boy, has been in this Army for six years, and a voice of such wonderful compass he is known as "the iron lung" Captain May Harris is a native Danbury, Conn., and has been a soldier in this Army for six years. She is quite noted by her efficient work as secretary to Major Brewer at the Boston headquarters. Comdr. Booth explained that the marriage to have taken place next spring, but both had been ordered to a distant of labor they had in response to tell me come to get married at New York and start together. With the African flag and the Salvation colors draped over them, both made this decision:

So solemnly declare that we have not this marriage for the sake of our own names and interests only, although we hope will be furthered thereby, but because believe that the union will enable us better to serve God and more earnestly to work in the Salvation Army.

Each individually promises that we will do anything likely to prevent the other's or giving or suffering anything that is in our power to assist the Army, believing in so doing we shall best promote the of God and the salvation of souls.

The also promise always to regard our home as a Salvation officers' quarters, to arrange it accordingly, and to train all who may be under our influence and authority for faithful and efficient service in the Army.

The commander proceeded with the same words as in the Episcopal service, but it was noted by a lady present, apparently, that the "obey" was not used. "Honor, and cherish" was the extent of the ceremony at that time. A collection was taken up for their car fare and the couple departed for their new establishment of a mission in

The all reformers, the Salvationists troubled by queer imitators, and two the queerest are operating at Ocean Ave. and Asbury Park. They are twin

## AS TO AMELIE RIVES.

ROBERT GRAVES THINKS SHE HAS BEEN CRUELLY TREATED.

An Enthusiastic Defense of Her Famous Story, "The Quick or the Dead"—Mr. Chandler's Courtship—A Few Words Concerning Ex-Senator Connors.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 18.—Fair Amelie Rives is again conspicuously before the public eye. Her new novel, "According to St. John," has appeared in part in The Cosmopolitan Magazine, and has been variously received. Never are the critics so savage as when criticizing the writings of Amelie Rives. Never is the public so remorseless as when passing judgment upon the work of this young Virginia girl. If one is to believe the critics, those dreadful people who never do anything noteworthy themselves, but who are quite sure that no one else can do any better, she never wrote anything worthy a place in a respectable library. Yet Amelie Rives is not without honor, save in her own country. One of the greatest literary lights of England pronounced her tale of the Middle Ages, "Nurse Crumpet Tells the Story," the best short story that has appeared in the English language in half a century. "Virginia of Virginia" he deemed almost as perfect, and this story was, for a wonder, appreciated in the United States. Other of her earlier stories were generally regarded as the work of a great genius, and many of her poems were everywhere read and everywhere praised.

Then "The Quick or the Dead" appeared. It was a strange, a powerful story. It was unlike anything the world had ever read, and at first the world did not know what to make of it. But it happened that just at that moment there was a virtuous reaction from a wave of erotic French literature and clumsy American imitations thereof, and the reading world, eager to establish a reputation for good taste and good morals, seized upon this new story and made an example of it. As soon as some one had whispered that it was a bad book the cry was taken up and passed along, and people who had already read the story and discovered in it no word or line to shock their sensibilities or nerves suddenly became aware that "The Quick or the Dead" was something dreadful. They didn't exactly know why, and they don't know yet, but it was the fashion to denounce the book.

The manner in which the American press treated this book and its young author was something inhuman in its savagery and heartlessness. "I say this as a newspaper man, as readily as any other, on the rightest provocation, to defend the institution out of which I get my bread and butter. But Amelie Rives was shamefully treated. In the first place, there was a universal assumption that in writing "The Quick or the Dead" she had done something unwholesome and offensive without any one being able to point out why and how. There was very little serious and honest criticism of the story, but a decided tendency to make a joke of it, and what was worse and anything but creditable to the manhood of the press, to write the author down with the book. Amelie Rives became the object of innumerable newspaper sneers. She was the subject of countless witticisms, each with a sting in its tail. She was thus made not only famous, but in a sense notorious. Idle stories of her personal characteristics were taken up and exaggerated, sensationalists and scandal mongers were permitted to make her the target for their blunders, and in about six months the American people were pretty well convinced that Amelie Rives not only wrote bad books, but that she was a queer woman whose acquaintance careful persons would not cultivate.

All this had come from a misinterpretation of her most famous book, "The Quick or the Dead," from a failure to comprehend its spirit and from an utter inability to discern its motif. When understood, and when the circumstances under which it was written are taken into account, this singular and powerful story becomes a new thing—it takes on new life, new soul, new meaning. It was some time ago my pleasure to hear the remarkable story of "The Quick or the Dead" from the lips of one who knows all the facts.

"The Quick or the Dead" contains in a shadowy, suggestive way the story of the courtship of Amelie Rives by the man who is now her husband. The motif of the book is the struggle of an imaginative, dreaming girl had to give up her ideal for a reality which was not like it. Every story that was ever written probably had its first suggestion, its germ, in the actual experience of its author or some of his friends or acquaintances. It is rarely that the imagination creates something out of nothing. The something in this case, the germ of the idea, the suggestion which a strong artistic sense knew how to make the most of, was found when Mr. John Armstrong Chandler wooed for the hand of Amelie Rives, of Castle Hill, Albemarle county, Va. Miss Rives was Barbara Pomfret and Mr. Chandler was Jock Dering. Who was Val, the hero of the story? Simply Miss Rives' girlhood ideal of the man she had thought she would like to marry. I suppose every young girl has such an ideal.

An imaginative girl like this sometimes finds it anything but easy to give up her ideal for a reality which is different, as realities are nearly always unlike ideals in this matter of fact world. Amelie Rives surely had a struggle, for Mr. Chandler did not win his suit till he had pressed it again and again, and had been put off from time to time. The struggle was a long one, and, with a nature like Amelie's, it is not to be wondered at that she was bitter in it. It must have been a bitter struggle, going on while this struggle was going on—while Chandler was waiting for his answer and Miss Rives was disesteeming herself—that "The Quick or the Dead" was written. Of course the originals appeared in the story only in form or type. The development of the tale carried the characters into experiences which the originals of them had never had.

I wish I had the space in which to tell the whole story of Mr. Chandler's courtship of Amelie Rives, and to point out the incidents which were made use of in the novel. It was at a ball at Newport, in August, 1887, that Mr. Chandler first saw Miss Rives. He was a young man of two and twenty, rich, educated and with quite as much good hard sense as romanticism in his composition. Miss Rives was unquestionably the most beautiful woman at Newport. Mr. Chandler has himself told me that his first glimpse of her was a profile view. It charmed him, and filled him with a determination to seek acquaintance. Without knowing who the woman was, without having had a chance to look into her eyes, he fell as much in love with her as a sensible man ever falls in love with an unknown woman. Turn to the pages of "The Quick or the Dead" and read of the first meeting of Barbara and Jock.

She did not strike any responsive chord in him until she turned her profile in settling the folds of her dress. It was vigorous, classic, entrancing, and he admitted as much to himself while regarding it. "Good brow," he meditated, "good nose, good line of lips—well balanced upper and lower equal good chin, splendid chin, massive but not heavy. Lots of will power—no end to it."

This is not only what Mr. Chandler thought of Miss Rives when he first saw her, but it is his manner of talking. The young man determined then and there that this young girl was a prize worth winning, and from that moment he lived with but one object in view, her esteem and hand. He was introduced, and managed very soon to get an invitation to visit Miss Rives and her mother at Castle Hill. Before going to Virginia in the autumn he concluded to carry on his little campaign for the heart of this beautiful and talented woman without any danger of interference from his friends and relatives. At his club, the Manhattan, he left orders that all his mail should be forwarded to the Continental hotel at Philadelphia. At the Continental he left his servant with instructions to forward mail and telegrams to Cobham, Albemarle county, Va., and to tell all inquiries to any there should be that he did not know where his master was. These and other precautions Mr. Chandler took to avoid intermeddling on the part of any one.

Mr. Chandler spent three weeks at Castle Hill, and before going away proposed for the hand of Miss Rives. He was not accepted nor yet rejected. The matter was taken under advisement. Some notes passed between them which gave a suggestion of what appeared in the story. He wrote it in one: "If you need me or want to see me at any time you only have to telegraph Manhattan club. I will send you my address if I go abroad." This was a part of the real as well as of the imaginative story. So also was the ride to Charlottesville, the famous ride in which—in the story—Barbara carried her hand on Jock's knee under the carriage roof, and he, like the sensible fellow that he was, took off his glove that he might the better catch her lovely hand. Whether or not this occurred in real life, of course I do not know. Nor do I know whether the kisses which figure in the romance had their prototype in reality. Nor do I care. The point is that here and there in substance and form, if not in details, the story of Barbara Pomfret's struggle between her old love, the dead husband, on the one side, and her new formed, but half confessed affection for Jock, was suggested by the courtship of Amelie Rives by John Armstrong Chandler. That is enough to acquit the fair authoress of the charge which has been made against her of delving in eroticism.

The story had its origin in that which was pure and noble. A guilty or improper thought never entered into its composition. Barbara was intense, hysterical and exaggerated; she kissed the tiger which Val had left half smothered; she wept her eyes out; she moaned herself asleep upon his grave. But is there anything so awful in all this? Did she do anything that a nature like hers might not have done, and still be as pure as snow? We might question her good sense, even her sanity; we might say that what she did was so wild and unnatural that it was bad art if the author to make her do so. But the manner in which Amelie Rives has fallen under the condemnation of the critics and the harsh judgment of a credulous public is not for lack of sanity in her characters, nor for any offenses against art which she may have been guilty of, but for a supposed transgression of the laws of decency—for the writing of an impure book which could only have come from an impure mind. It is this form of criticism that I protest against. It is this which I say has been cruel and malicious and false.

The struggle which Amelie Rives had in giving up her ideal was probably not one-tenth part as fierce and retching as that which she made Barbara endure. But it was probably enough of a struggle with herself to give her the suggestion for those wonderful bits of realism by which she intensified and made graphic poor Barbara's soul torture. I am not one of those who believe that to the pure all things are pure, but the realism of "The Quick or the Dead" is as pure as the fair young woman who made it. The man or woman who can see anything erotic in that story or in any of its incidents has a dangerous imagination and an objectionable sixth sense. It is as far removed from prudency and sensuality as the sweet and holy courtship of any honest and manly man for a tender imaginative woman. Amelie Rives simply had the genius to seize upon the nucleus of an idea suggested by her own wooing.

Barbara Pomfret held to her ideal. With tears and travail she tried to give it up, and could not. The heroine of flesh and blood was more fortunate. Amelie Rives was able to surrender her ideal, and I am sure she is glad she did. I have the best reasons for saying that she is a happy young wife, and that between her and her husband the sweetest sympathy and affection prevail. Mrs. Chandler will soon visit her old home at Castle Hill, Albemarle county, Va. It is a picturesque old place, and there is nothing or no one that does not love her—the horses, the cows, the mules, the dogs, the cats, all the country folk, black and white, great and small. All who are fortunate enough to be received as guests at Castle Hill come away full of admiration for the beauty and reverence for the genius and lovable character of the author of "The Quick or the Dead." Mrs. Chandler is fervently religious. The Bible and Shakespeare have been her constant companions since she learned to read. There are Bibles and Shakespeares in every room at Castle Hill. The copies which belong more particularly to Mrs. Chandler are literally covered with marginal notes, all in her dainty, even and beautiful chirography. In almost every line she has ever written the influence of these two books may be seen, and if one adds to them her love of nature and almost constant communion with it, the chief sources of her inspiration, excepting, of course, her own great soul, will have been described.

In a recent letter about Pacific coast statesmen I fear I did an injustice to ex-Senator Connors, of California. On the authority of an old Californian I stated that the senator had "figured in the Credit Mobilier scandal," and that he was "one of the leading spirits in the Pacific railway legislation." A friend of the ex-senator tells me the first of these statements is an error. Senator Connors did not figure in the Credit Mobilier scandal. No suspicion ever attached to him in that connection. My old friend, the Californian, must have had some other statesman in mind. As to playing a conspicuous part in Pacific railway legislation, that is true of Senator Connors. But in doing all in his power to secure the building of the Pacific roads he was only doing that which his constituents expected him and every one of their representatives in congress to do. Mr. Connors, I hear, still lives, having his home in New England, where he is passing the evening of life in the respect and confidence of his friends and neighbors.

ROBERT GRAVES.

folds of her dress. It was vigorous, classic, entrancing, and he admitted as much to himself while regarding it. "Good brow," he meditated, "good nose, good line of lips—well balanced upper and lower equal good chin, splendid chin, massive but not heavy. Lots of will power—no end to it."

This is not only what Mr. Chandler thought of Miss Rives when he first saw her, but it is his manner of talking. The young man determined then and there that this young girl was a prize worth winning, and from that moment he lived with but one object in view, her esteem and hand. He was introduced, and managed very soon to get an invitation to visit Miss Rives and her mother at Castle Hill. Before going to Virginia in the autumn he concluded to carry on his little campaign for the heart of this beautiful and talented woman without any danger of interference from his friends and relatives. At his club, the Manhattan, he left orders that all his mail should be forwarded to the Continental hotel at Philadelphia. At the Continental he left his servant with instructions to forward mail and telegrams to Cobham, Albemarle county, Va., and to tell all inquiries to any there should be that he did not know where his master was. These and other precautions Mr. Chandler took to avoid intermeddling on the part of any one.

Mr. Chandler spent three weeks at Castle Hill, and before going away proposed for the hand of Miss Rives. He was not accepted nor yet rejected. The matter was taken under advisement. Some notes passed between them which gave a suggestion of what appeared in the story. He wrote it in one: "If you need me or want to see me at any time you only have to telegraph Manhattan club. I will send you my address if I go abroad." This was a part of the real as well as of the imaginative story. So also was the ride to Charlottesville, the famous ride in which—in the story—Barbara carried her hand on Jock's knee under the carriage roof, and he, like the sensible fellow that he was, took off his glove that he might the better catch her lovely hand. Whether or not this occurred in real life, of course I do not know. Nor do I know whether the kisses which figure in the romance had their prototype in reality. Nor do I care. The point is that here and there in substance and form, if not in details, the story of Barbara Pomfret's struggle between her old love, the dead husband, on the one side, and her new formed, but half confessed affection for Jock, was suggested by the courtship of Amelie Rives by John Armstrong Chandler. That is enough to acquit the fair authoress of the charge which has been made against her of delving in eroticism.

The story had its origin in that which was pure and noble. A guilty or improper thought never entered into its composition. Barbara was intense, hysterical and exaggerated; she kissed the tiger which Val had left half smothered; she wept her eyes out; she moaned herself asleep upon his grave. But is there anything so awful in all this? Did she do anything that a nature like hers might not have done, and still be as pure as snow? We might question her good sense, even her sanity; we might say that what she did was so wild and unnatural that it was bad art if the author to make her do so. But the manner in which Amelie Rives has fallen under the condemnation of the critics and the harsh judgment of a credulous public is not for lack of sanity in her characters, nor for any offenses against art which she may have been guilty of, but for a supposed transgression of the laws of decency—for the writing of an impure book which could only have come from an impure mind. It is this form of criticism that I protest against. It is this which I say has been cruel and malicious and false.

The struggle which Amelie Rives had in giving up her ideal was probably not one-tenth part as fierce and retching as that which she made Barbara endure. But it was probably enough of a struggle with herself to give her the suggestion for those wonderful bits of realism by which she intensified and made graphic poor Barbara's soul torture. I am not one of those who believe that to the pure all things are pure, but the realism of "The Quick or the Dead" is as pure as the fair young woman who made it. The man or woman who can see anything erotic in that story or in any of its incidents has a dangerous imagination and an objectionable sixth sense. It is as far removed from prudency and sensuality as the sweet and holy courtship of any honest and manly man for a tender imaginative woman. Amelie Rives simply had the genius to seize upon the nucleus of an idea suggested by her own wooing.

Barbara Pomfret held to her ideal. With tears and travail she tried to give it up, and could not. The heroine of flesh and blood was more fortunate. Amelie Rives was able to surrender her ideal, and I am sure she is glad she did. I have the best reasons for saying that she is a happy young wife, and that between her and her husband the sweetest sympathy and affection prevail. Mrs. Chandler will soon visit her old home at Castle Hill, Albemarle county, Va. It is a picturesque old place, and there is nothing or no one that does not love her—the horses, the cows, the mules, the dogs, the cats, all the country folk, black and white, great and small. All who are fortunate enough to be received as guests at Castle Hill come away full of admiration for the beauty and reverence for the genius and lovable character of the author of "The Quick or the Dead." Mrs. Chandler is fervently religious. The Bible and Shakespeare have been her constant companions since she learned to read. There are Bibles and Shakespeares in every room at Castle Hill. The copies which belong more particularly to Mrs. Chandler are literally covered with marginal notes, all in her dainty, even and beautiful chirography. In almost every line she has ever written the influence of these two books may be seen, and if one adds to them her love of nature and almost constant communion with it, the chief sources of her inspiration, excepting, of course, her own great soul, will have been described.

In a recent letter about Pacific coast statesmen I fear I did an injustice to ex-Senator Connors, of California. On the authority of an old Californian I stated that the senator had "figured in the Credit Mobilier scandal," and that he was "one of the leading spirits in the Pacific railway legislation." A friend of the ex-senator tells me the first of these statements is an error. Senator Connors did not figure in the Credit Mobilier scandal. No suspicion ever attached to him in that connection. My old friend, the Californian, must have had some other statesman in mind. As to playing a conspicuous part in Pacific railway legislation, that is true of Senator Connors. But in doing all in his power to secure the building of the Pacific roads he was only doing that which his constituents expected him and every one of their representatives in congress to do. Mr. Connors, I hear, still lives, having his home in New England, where he is passing the evening of life in the respect and confidence of his friends and neighbors.

ROBERT GRAVES.

folds of her dress. It was vigorous, classic, entrancing, and he admitted as much to himself while regarding it. "Good brow," he meditated, "good nose, good line of lips—well balanced upper and lower equal good chin, splendid chin, massive but not heavy. Lots of will power—no end to it."

This is not only what Mr. Chandler thought of Miss Rives when he first saw her, but it is his manner of talking. The young man determined then and there that this young girl was a prize worth winning, and from that moment he lived with but one object in view, her esteem and hand. He was introduced, and managed very soon to get an invitation to visit Miss Rives and her mother at Castle Hill. Before going to Virginia in the autumn he concluded to carry on his little campaign for the heart of this beautiful and talented woman without any danger of interference from his friends and relatives. At his club, the Manhattan, he left orders that all his mail should be forwarded to the Continental hotel at Philadelphia. At the Continental he left his servant with instructions to forward mail and telegrams to Cobham, Albemarle county, Va., and to tell all inquiries to any there should be that he did not know where his master was. These and other precautions Mr. Chandler took to avoid intermeddling on the part of any one.

Mr. Chandler spent three weeks at Castle Hill, and before going away proposed for the hand of Miss Rives. He was not accepted nor yet rejected. The matter was taken under advisement. Some notes passed between them which gave a suggestion of what appeared in the story. He wrote it in one: "If you need me or want to see me at any time you only have to telegraph Manhattan club. I will send you my address if I go abroad." This was a part of the real as well as of the imaginative story. So also was the ride to Charlottesville, the famous ride in which—in the story—Barbara carried her hand on Jock's knee under the carriage roof, and he, like the sensible fellow that he was, took off his glove that he might the better catch her lovely hand. Whether or not this occurred in real life, of course I do not know. Nor do I know whether the kisses which figure in the romance had their prototype in reality. Nor do I care. The point is that here and there in substance and form, if not in details, the story of Barbara Pomfret's struggle between her old love, the dead husband, on the one side, and her new formed, but half confessed affection for Jock, was suggested by the courtship of Amelie Rives by John Armstrong Chandler. That is enough to acquit the fair authoress of the charge which has been made against her of delving in eroticism.

## BUY YOUR

COAL AND WOOD  
AT  
GILBERT & TAYLOR'S,YARDS, FOOT OF BEACH STREET.  
Office at James P. Cooper's, No. 25 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.  
Telephone No. 87 B.NATHAN RUSSELL,  
Real Estate and Insurance Office,326 Glenwood Ave., Bloomfield Centre.  
After 6 P. M. at Residence, 197 Ridgewood Ave., Glen Ridge.  
Strict Attention Paid to Selling, Buying, Exchanging and Renting of Real Estate, in  
Bloomfield, Glen Ridge, Brookdale, Fairview, and Watsessing.  
Have many very desirable Improved Properties and Building Sites for  
INSURANCE effected in the Best and Most Reliable Companies at the Market Rates.  
Agent For The Firemen's Insurance Co. of Newark and The Sun Office of London.

## SUMMER DELICACIES.

We have just received a new and fresh supply of RICHARDSON & ROB-  
BINS' TONGUE, HAM, CHICKEN, and TURKEY; ARMOUR'S TONGUE and  
HAM, in all sizes, quarter, half, one and two pounds.  
Canned Clams and Oysters, Canned Smoked Beef, Canned Corned Beef, Canned  
Salmon, Canned Lobster (Star), Soured Mackerel.  
Very Finest Elgin Creamery Butter, 23c. per lb.; 4 lbs. for 90c.  
Fine Creamery, 20c. per lb.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS constantly on hand for Medical Purposes.

For Low Prices and Fresh Goods call on

## S. SCHEUER &amp; CO.,

The Leading Cash Grocers.

We present every customer with a Handsome Fan.

## JAMES T. PIERSON,

## Lehigh, Free-burning &amp; Cannel Coal

BLUESTONE, FLAGGING, CURBING, SILLS, AND STEPS.

## MASONS' MATERIALS,

Including Lime, Plaster, Cement, Lath and Plastering Hair,  
Brick, &c. Also, a complete stock of Drain Pipe and Flue  
Lining.  
Dodd, near Prospect St., East Orange, N. J.  
TELEPHONE 326 ORANGE.  
Cross-Town Horse-Cars Pass the Door.

## E. D. ACKERMAN,

## Sanitary Plumber, Steam and Gas Fitter,

316 GLENWOOD AVE., NEAR THE CENTRE, BLOOMFIELD.

## Portable and Brick-Set Furnaces, Ranges, &amp;c.

Tin, Copper, and Sheet-Iron Work.

First-class work Done. Jobbing promptly attended to. Estimates cheerfully given.

Save labor and keep your house clean by using a Steel Mat outside the door and a Grand Rapids Carpet-Sweeper inside the door.

Both for sale by

## SAMUEL PELOUBET,

Bloomfield Centre, Bloomfield, N. J.

ORGANIZED JULY, 1889.

THOMAS OAKES, President. WM. A. BALDWIN, Vice-President.

LEWIS K. DODD, Cashier.

## BLOOMFIELD NATIONAL BANK,

No. 1 Broad St., Bloomfield Centre.

CAPITAL, \$50,000. SURPLUS, \$8,000.

Transacts a general banking business. Solicits the accounts of corporations and individuals and promises prompt service and careful attention. Bills drawn on Great Britain, Ireland, France, Germany and other countries. Issues Letters of Credit available in the principal cities of the world.

DIRECTORS: Thomas Oakes, Willard Richards, Robert S. Rudd, Henry K. Benson,

James C. Beach, Halsey M. Barrett, J. P. Scherr, Leonard Richards,

G. Lee Stout, Edward G. Ward, Henry P. Dodd, Polhemus Lyon,

William A. Baldwin, William Colfax, Lewis K. Dodd.

## YALE BROS.,

No. 556 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

## Fine Wall Paper and Decorations.

Lowest estimates given for all kinds of painting and decorating.

New store, new stock, and the Lowest Prices in town.

## SMOKE THE

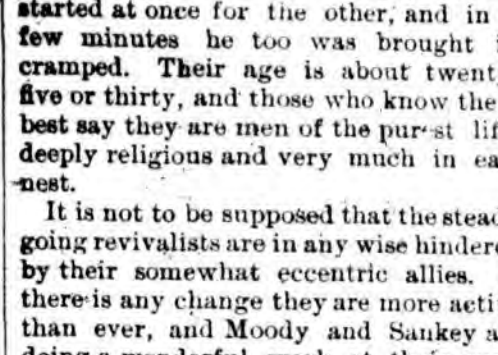
## "OLD HOMESTEAD" CIGAR,

MANUFACTURED BY

## J. R. CONLAN,

No. 302 Glenwood Avenue, Bloomfield

An assortment of Smokers' Articles always on hand. Cigars by the box a specialty.



MR. AND MRS. WINCHELL.

The curious in these lines in York were somewhat entertained marriage in Salvation Army ranks, as was of unusual interest because it the first performed by Commander Ballington Booth, daughter-in-law of famous General Booth. She differed nearly all religious enthusiasts as important particular. While she perfect bundle of ardor and spiritual joy, she is also phenomenally practical. Before performing this marriage studied the law of New York care- and took legal advice. There is no that the marriage is legal, but as the marriage of a captain to an ant the public rather looked for ludicrous features.

Was, in fact, a very solemn affair, hall of the "Garrison," at Forty-street and Broadway, was well and the walls were almost covered national flags and the Salvationist as when the nine bridesmaids, clad regulation Army costume of blue, blue dresses, and "hallelujahs," with only the addition of white, marched to the platform and in prayer. Then the Army sang, "as Boundless as the Sea," and in Mrs. Commander Booth with pride on her arm. A bunch of white sees at her waist alone distinguished bride, Captain Harris, from her in the camp, but every man in audience saw at a glance that she pretty, and little, if any, past twenty.

It was observed that the groom already on the platform by the A the commander—a manly looking fellow of twenty-five. There more prayers and singing and many ant ejaculations of blessings on the couple. They stood forward and Amelie Booth introduced them in a appropriate speech.

The Barrill Brothers. Instant Wallace W. Winchell is a native of New York, but located in Detroit, Mich., when a boy, has been in this Army for six years, and a voice of such wonderful compass he is known as "the iron lung" Captain May Harris is a native Danbury, Conn., and has been a soldier in this Army for six years. She is quite noted by her efficient work as secretary to Major Brewer at the Boston headquarters. Comdr. Booth explained that the marriage to have taken place next spring, but both had been ordered to a distant of labor they had in response to tell me come to get married at New York and start together. With the African flag and the Salvation colors draped over them, both made this decision:

So solemnly declare that we have not this marriage for the sake of our own names and interests only, although we hope will be furthered thereby, but because believe that the union will enable us better to serve God and more earnestly to work in the Salvation Army.